

The Progress CLOTHING HOUSE

None like it in this city. We never felt so well pleased over our stock as we do this season, and never so well pleased with our sales. Good reasons for both. We give value for every cent we receive, and value pleases the customer. Our prices for MEN'S SUITS range from

\$8.50 to \$25

Every one all-wool, no matter what the price.

Do You Know Our Children's Clothing?

Take our word—it is a stock worth knowing. Knee Pants Suits, \$2.50 to \$15. Boys' Long Pants Suits, \$5 to \$20. Every one all Wool. If you buy from us and don't like your purchase

MONEY BACK IF YOU WANT IT

The Progress Clothing House

SILK WAISTS.

We have about 100 styles, all nobby. Choice of whole lot, **\$5.95**, for Monday only.

SHIRT WAISTS

75 dozen on sale Monday, **59c**. High collars and extra large sleeves.

SUITS

Eton Blazer and Reefer Suits, in fancy cloths, **\$5.00 and \$7.00**.

MILLINERY

... Trimmed Hats ...

\$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00. Specials. See them.

RECORD & JAZZ

PEARSON'S

These standard instruments, steadily improved in the progress of manufacture and by special devices peculiar only to them, continue to command the unquestioned admiration of the musical world and the patronage of a discriminating public. No Piano has ever been made which equals them in durability.

LOW PRICES. EASY TERMS.

PEARSON'S MUSIC HOUSE

82 and 84 NORTH PENNSYLVANIA STREET.

THE McELWAIN-RICHARDS CO.,

WROUGHT-IRON PIPE and BOILER TUBES

Natural Gas Supplies, Cast Iron, Malleable Iron, Brass, Hydraulic and Ammonia Fittings, METRIC METAL CO. 8 Meters for Natural and Artificial Gas.

STEAM, GAS and WATER GOODS, Fitters, Tools, Packing, Belting and Steam Specialties. Plumb

General Agents for SLOW STEAM PUMP WORKS.

62 & 64 WEST MARYLAND ST.

THE NORWEGIAN WAYS

PEOPLE WHO ARE WITHOUT HURRY AND TAKE LIFE COMFORTABLY.

They Cherish Uncomplimentary Notions About America and Americans, and Give Their Authority.

Christiania Correspondence New York Post.

These Norwegians are a wonderfully patient people. They never hurry; why should they? There is always time enough. We breakfast at 9. Monsieur goes to business at 10 or so and returns his dinner, like all the rest of the Scandinavian world, at half after 2. We reach coffee and cigarettes at about 4, and then monsieur goes back to his office, if he likes, for two or three hours. We sometimes see him again at supper at half after 8, but usually there is a game of whist, or a geographical society lecture, or a concert, or a friend's birthday fete (an occasion never overlooked by your true Norwegian), or some one has received a barrel of oysters and would not, could not dream of opening them without champagne and company—masculine company only. It seems to me that there are entirely too many purely male festivities here. In fact, the men say so themselves, and that they would really enjoy many of the occasions much more if ladies were present. But 'tis not the custom of the country' (a rock on which I am always foundering) to omit or to change in such matters. Monsieur only does as do all the other men of his age, which is elderly, and condition, which is solid.

I have never accustomed myself to the fact that one is expected to stop and wait for all approaching cars or vehicles of any class to pass before attempting to cross a street in town. I am always being stopped short on the curbstone by a frantic pull at my arm and some strange but agonized friendly voice at my side begging to know if I don't see that sledge coming—a sledge half a block off. Perhaps it is because the street traffic is comparatively small that the vehicles always have the right of way. And certainly, too, because there is so much time. You need not fancy that the driver will hasten the jog of his stocky little yellow pony when he sees you waiting. Nothing of the sort. That is as it has been. It is quite needless to you wait.

There is a curious feeling concerning America over here in one way and another. Morgenbladet, the chief Conservative paper, an organ locally of the first importance, keeps a sort of horror album of the things that are going on in America. I suppose that in these very dark and troublous political times, when not only the union but the monarchy itself is threatened and tottering, the Conservative interest thinks it dangerous to allow any virtue to appear in a republic, and especially in ours, the most flourishing, and, therefore, the most pernicious example of that invention of evil bred.

So Morgenbladet's foreign columns contain daily something very like this under the heading of "Latest news from America." Horrible smash-up in Rhode Island; twelve persons killed. Eleven women and five children burned to death in New York. Fiendish triple murder in Oshkosh. Fatal shooting and train robbery in Brooklyn. Stealing on the Mississippi. Two hundred persons killed by railway collision in Utah. Train robbed and passengers plied in Wyoming. Enormous daily expense of the Senate and legislature. All these aggravating details and endings, perhaps, with "we have only this news from America."

Day after day they seem to rife the cable dispatches for dreadful tales of failures, crime and disaster, but if a word of good or neutral import appears it is only because it is too important to be overlooked; it is very briefly expressed, and usually gloomily commented upon.

WRONG IMPRESSIONS GAINED.

I have often thought in reading over these dismal matters that our papers furnish us with far too much of such material on a large scale to make it necessary for a hostile foreign press to betake itself, as Morgenbladet often does, to accounts of obscure barbaric affrays when it wishes to represent the true inwardness of American daily life. One result of the persistent inculcation of this doctrine is that I have met several most cultivated gentlemen who are remarkably well versed in the ways and manners of Tammany Hall, but whose study of America otherwise has convinced them that it is the common custom among men of the better class to wear plaid to wear plaid in their belts whenever they go into the street.

Although so many Norwegians have emigrated to America and are loyal and prosperous in their adopted country, I should say that the general mental attitude towards America of the so-called educated portion here is one of distrust. They are an exceedingly hospitable and courteous people, and they are glad to make you truly welcome, and to like you. But if you win their esteem, as you will if you deserve it, and are well bred, and representative of America, but as a white crow.

On the whole, when impressions have been made, they are not so favorable as those that America is here regarded as the land of inflation, of pincheek and meretricious manufactures, untrustworthy stuffs, doctors made in a minute, soulless hurry for wealth, disregard for mental and spiritual pleasures and ends; of rapacity in the pursuit of wealth; of the dollar; the country where wealth is more than principle, mind or breeding, and where a vulgar thirst for titles remains, other ambitions having been gratified. It made me rather indignant when one of the boys came home from school the other day with the news that one of his masters had been asserting, as a recognized fact, that every American girl of fortune is proud to have a list of the eligible titles in Europe, with notes regarding their several merits and demerits, and that she learns it as a part of her regular homework. It is a curious fashion, but I have seen whence such ideas arise. One cannot, in the face of facts, contradict them as handsomely as one longs to do. The sugar is a curious fashion in color when he is in town, but then the scene and again, the length of four books or so, to the music of a regimental band, which plays there, by order of the government, an hour in the middle of each day. Here you meet young ladies, matrons and school girls, boys with books under their arms, students with heavy tasseled caps, officers and cadets, all marching in thick ranks while the music discourses. This is the great winter rendezvous of young people—the surest place to meet one's friends, either by appointment or without it. The King himself joins the daily promenade when he is in town, but then the scene and music are transferred to the palace terraces. Officers, cadets, schoolboys and students usually soon find their

Dulcinea and march with them, though some there be of the military sort who seem to feel handsomer standing apart, jingling swords and spurs in company with their kind.

A MILITARY SALUTE.

It is a little alarming at first to see your amiable hostess of the night before, when you meet him in the park the next day, suddenly draw himself up as one ossified, rid his face of all expression except that of severe rigidity, raise one hand, palm outward, with an automatic jerk, to his cap or helmet and remain a moment, which seems an era to your dazed faculties, thus transfixed. However, the attack over, his face resumes a human expression and he approaches you with a beaming smile. You realize that the phenomenon which has just occurred is a military salute. But if, while you walk with this warlike friend, you chance to meet a general, then indeed you shall see something that will make you realize that time is needed in a country where such obeisances are to be performed.

As I was driving through town the other day on the back seat of the low sledge, thinking, like the water man, of nothing at all, I was suddenly startled beyond all control by a terrific "shall I say shrill"—just behind my head. I jumped around in terror to see what fate was impending—what beast had escaped from the circus—what awful thing had happened. Nothing to be seen. Only the usual pedestrians pursuing their quiet way, and no one looking at the queer fellow who had just been taken to the hospital some time since he proved, as may be imagined, most troublesome and subversive to the peace of the ward. It was then that the doctors thought that they discovered his trouble to be the creature of his own fancy. But as he asserted to the contrary and persisted in shrieking as he has shrieked for years, there seems to be no help for it. His title appears to be established by venerable time. But it is hard on the nerves of the stranger.

Appropos of the immovability of the average local purveyor and the difficulty of getting well-made clothing, a friend has just told me a very characteristic anecdote. It happened that he wanted some new boots suddenly, knowing that no shoemaker in town could from his inner consciousness evolve an acceptable pair (for money here, he took the man some that had been made in Paris and ordered them accurately copied. To this the shoemaker agreed, but when the boots were delivered they were seen to be as good as new. The friend, who desired a pair of boots, was told by the shoemaker, "Oh, I dare say," answered the man, quite unmoved, "but we have not advanced as far as the Chinese." And with that ended all hope of rousing his pride and emulation. Undoubtedly he had his goodly store of both money and boots, but it did not apply to the rise and progress of boots.

THE SUGAR CAMP.

What Is Done To-Day with the Sap of the Maple—Improved Processes.

New York Tribune. In 1890 the maple-sugar production of Vermont was 6,388,567 pounds, and 5,997 gallons of syrup. The production of 1891 was 11,889,122 pounds of sugar and 28,852 gallons of syrup, valued at \$248,856. The improvement in quality has been most marked, and, for though there is a great deal of sugar made in the State, the makers still maintain that it is adulterated by dealers. The maple-sugar bounty has been a great help to the industry, but owing to various causes, many of the makers have not taken advantage of its provisions. There are nearly 15,000 sugar-makers in Vermont alone, and there are probably as many in the other States in which maple sugar is made. The industry, therefore, is one of very respectable dimensions.

A properly conducted maple-sugar camp in Vermont is well worth seeing. Many improvements have been introduced during the last few years. In the center of the camp is a building, which is called, in a commodious and well-equipped kitchen, in which all the utensils are stored when not in use. The process of sugar-making, as now conducted, is practically as follows: First, two or three men "tap" the trees. One goes ahead, and with a three-eighths-inch nail, makes an incision about an inch deep on the lee side of the tree. A second man inserts a round, double tin pipe, or spout, about three inches long, in the hole, and the first man conducts the sap, but has an arrangement for suspending a bucket beneath it. Lastly, a man hangs the buckets, which are either of wood or tin.

The old way was to hitch a team of stout horses to a short sled carrying a "holder," a large wooden tub, holding eight barrels, in which the sap in the buckets was poured. Now leaders or wooden gutters are run all through the orchard, emptying into a large storage tank at the sugar-house. The gutters are made of tin, and are set at an angle of 10 degrees. The arch is about 5 by 20 feet in area, 2½ feet deep in front and 10 inches deep at the rear. In the arch are set the evaporators, a deep boiling pan in front and four smaller ones behind. The bottom of the evaporators are deep corrugated, nearly doubling the surface exposed to the heat. The boiling is done rapidly, as rapid boiling improves the quality of the sugar. The sap flows from the tank through a hose with a strainer attached into a regulator which allows only a certain quantity to pass. The sap is then drawn by a siphon from the large evaporator into one of the smaller ones. The sap is then drawn into a large pan at the rear, and is evaporated to the consistency of syrup. The average yield per tree is about two pounds per season, the season lasting from four to six weeks, until frosty nights cease and the buds begin to swell, when the sap tastes strong and ceases to flow.

Suggestion to the Lord.

New York Times. A little girl in a Pennsylvania town, was told to pray for her father and mother, who were both very ill, and for one of the servants, who had lost her husband. She faithfully did as she was told, and then, distressed with the dreary condition of things, added on her own account: "And now, Lord, take good care of Your own, for if anything should happen to You, we should all go to pieces." Amen.

THEY USE HYPNOTISM

NEW YORK DOCTORS EMPLOY THE POWER WITH GOOD RESULTS.

Dr. Mason's Account of a Radical Cure of Dipomania by Hypnotic Suggestions—A Surgical Case.

New York Sun.

Against popular prejudice and the determined opposition of many medical men, the science of hypnotism has been gradually winning its way to a place in medical practice. As yet it is practiced with great caution by those who believe in its efficacy in certain cases because of the feeling against it, a feeling engendered by its long association with quacks, charlatans and traveling mesmerists, who have turned it to improper if not absolutely harmful usage to make money. But to-day it is recognized by physicians of the highest rank as a factor in the cure of many ailments and in the alleviation and even annihilation of suffering in both the medical and surgical branches of healing.

In this country the study of hypnotism has not been carried so far as in France, where there are several institutions devoted entirely to the study of the subject. It is not recognized as a special branch of study by any of the medical colleges of this country, and its legitimate practice is mostly confined to physicians whose high standing warrants their employment of an agency which, if made use of by a less experienced man, might bring him under suspicion. Such physicians of this city as Dr. Graeme M. Hammond, Dr. George F. Shady, Dr. M. A. Starr and Dr. R. Osgood Mason have made use of hypnotism in many cases with remarkable success. Dr. Mason, who has made a special study of the subject and has written upon it, as a strong believer in the efficacy of this agency in many cases where other means have failed.

One of the most interesting cases of cure is his rescue of a young man from the alcoholic habit. The young man, who for convenience may be called X, was of good family, well-to-do, about twenty-five years old and of strong vitality and personality. His manner of life, while not absolutely vicious, had been loose, and he had contracted the drinking habit to such an extent that when he attempted to throw it off he found himself incapable of so doing. Every attempt had been made to cure him in vain. The medical history is thus set down by Dr. Mason:

"By constant drinking X had so undermined his health that he had violent attacks of vomiting blood, which in several instances proved all but fatal. One evening when he had been drinking he came into my office, no longer mad, but much exhausted. I told him to lie down on the lounge, suggesting that he must get a little rest. In about five minutes I had never mentioned hypnotism to him, but as he lay down I began making passes along his face and chest and over his body. He smiled, as if understanding what I was attempting, and presently seemed to be falling asleep. In ten minutes he was fast asleep. I raised his hand, it remained where I placed it. Evidently he was in the hypnotic sleep. Here was a young man fast going to his grave, and I was free from his wretched condition, but had not the strength to free himself. Why should not help him? I suggested? I considered myself justified in trying. I spoke to him in an ordinary tone:

THE SUGGESTION.

"Now, you see what a wretched condition you are in and what unhappiness you have brought upon yourself and your family by your unfortunate habits. You wish to be cured. You shall be cured. When you awake you will no longer have any desire for alcoholic drink in any form. You will dislike it and shun it in every form as your enemy. Even the smell of it will be disagreeable to you and will make you sick."

"I repeated the suggestion and then awoke him. He awoke cheerful and refreshed, and without any knowledge that anything had happened to him during his sleep. Three months later I had a letter from him saying that he was in excellent health and had not drunk a drop of any intoxicant since the evening he was in my office. A year later he came into my office looking hale and hearty. I asked him what he did after leaving my office that evening. He replied that he went home and took a nap; that about 11 o'clock he awoke, and, as usual, thinking that he would go and have a drink, went to the saloon where he was accustomed to drink. On entering he thought it smelt of a queer and disagreeable; in fact, it made him sick. He went out without taking a drink, went home and went to bed and had not taken any liquor from that time to the present. The suggestion made to him while he was in the hypnotic state, of which he retained no recollection, still controlled his actions, and seemed to have eradicated his dipomania."

Another interesting case of this kind, perhaps even more successful in showing the extent to which hypnotism may be carried, occurred in the experience of Dr. George F. Shady. The case was a surgical one. There was some injury to the hip and a deep incision was to be made. Dr. Shady decided to try hypnotism instead of anaesthetics, the patient having a prejudice against them. Accordingly, having placed the patient, a middle-aged man, upon the operating table, he said to him:

"Now you must lie there for a time until your nerves are calm. We are not ready to begin yet. Calm yourself, much as you can while I am preparing and lie perfectly still. That's right. Just so. Then we are ready we will let you know."

While talking thus, and so concentrating the attention of the patient, Dr. Shady made deep incision in the thigh without the knowledge of the man, and, talking to him all the time, kept him in a condition of hypnotism or semi-hypnotism, the patient being in a state of unconsciousness, although he was perfectly conscious, and once asked:

"When are you going to begin, Doctor?"

"Pretty soon, pretty soon," replied the operator. "Just keep perfectly quiet there."

At length, when the surgeon was busying himself with some bandages, the patient half turned and said:

"Why, you've been doing something to my leg. Why didn't you tell me?"

By that time the operation was practically concluded, and the subject, gazing intently at a bright object, suffered not a moment's pain. This patient was, however, an unusually easy subject. In other surgical cases the patient has known what was being done, but has felt no pain. Some persons are easy to influence in this way; others are difficult. Some seem incapable of being made subject to the influence, but others can hypnotize themselves. One man will succumb to one method and remain unresponsive to another, and some will quickly send another man into the hypnotic sleep. Passes and counter-passes affect some, and others are not affected by influences others; physical contact, particularly that of the thumbs, with the operator is efficacious in many cases, and easy subjects go into the hypnotic state merely upon being forced to concentrate their attention upon some one

Innocent Creature.

Washington Post. She is a friend of mine, and she is a very clever woman, but she sometimes betrays an ignorance of ordinary matters that is really surprising. This is one of the times. Her husband brought home a bottle of very hot soup, and she was charmed with the way the water had been boiling. When she saw the bottle was empty her little household proposed to throw it away.

"Oh, no, indeed," said her mistress. "I want that to put lemonade in. It comes out so well."